

Foreword

I am on a self-destructive search for the contents of the soul. The essays in this series are an attempt to map out the sub-cognitive behavioral processes involved in human consciousness. While it seems that most are preoccupied with finding the exact source of our self-awareness. I ask myself. How self-aware are we really?

I believe the inception of every thought and emotion, no matter how abstract, comes from the lifetime lived in the physical and sociological environment around you. Absolutely nothing is uniquely yours, or autonomous, and not even genetics factor into the way you think. First, I want to find the base elements of the social instincts of a human being. I wish to quantize this part of us given its influence over us is unmatched among every other aspect of the human experience. Research into the diversity of our body types (or lack thereof) theorizes that even our bodily dimensions are, at least in part, affected by the environment- and not entirely through our genetics.

I will be using the term consciousness in reference to the collective of sub-cognitive behavioral patterns. The theoretical result of this collection of biological and behavioral patterns is a typical human mind.

“Perhaps the sentiments contained in the following pages, are not Yet sufficiently fashionable to procure them general favour; a long habit of not thinking a thing wrong, gives it a superficial appearance of being right, and raises at first a formidable outcry in defense of custom.”

- Thomas Paine, 1776

The Quantized Soul:

Pt. 1- The house of mirrors and the myth of self-awareness.

“There is a Law that man should love his neighbor as himself. In a few years it should be as natural to mankind as breathing or the upright gait; but if he does not learn it he must perish.”

- Alfred Adler

I believe consciousness resides in the brain. I believe I can explain why. "Consciousness" is part sociological construct, part situational analytical program. The "soul" is a composite of sub-cognitive analytical processes and programming systems running simultaneously. These processing and recording devices are ever increasing strings at the quantum level of what ultimately becomes our window into the physical. Our squishy, three-pound, electric jelly is using programmed directives, or memes, stored in the memory to best navigate our surroundings and social situations. Experiences that pass-through layers of information in the form of electrical pulses. An innumerable amount of them. Infinitely complex patterns of electrical connections that dictate our every thought and action. The brain is analyzing and recording these patterns from the day it's born, until the day it dies. How does the brain determine which patterns are worth keeping? The people around you.

Information from our receivers (sight, smell, touch) is going through layers of environmentally programmed search engines that analyze the incoming code for a corresponding pattern already in the memory bank. We then add the current situation passing through the engines to that of the database. Bringing the complete code back up to help navigate the present situation.

Neurologist, philosophers, and everyone in between, like to think of consciousness as some implacable ghost. Too busy to worry itself with the mundanities of running our lower functions. We leave the "Charlie work" to our gelatinous friend. But the proof is in our instinctual actions. Decisions it makes without any input from our deified "consciousness". Movements, and decisions, most people don't realize are happening in the moment. The imperceptible motions behind everyday situations. The first layers of programming connect to base level analytics such as physical threats to survival, sexual arousal, sustenance, waste disposal, etc. Basic needs that produce immediate recognitions. The more complex the situation, the more layers of programmed patterns the brain must search through. But it always makes connections. It always adds to something already in the system. If the situation must be resolved, if not, we just walk away. This programming comes from every millisecond of life we experience on this earth. Visual, audible, and other sensory tools are controlled by a matrix of analytical programs that look for connections to already stored information. How are is the brain programming what to look for? Neurochemical rewards.

I would like to show you two consistent examples of base level social patterns. Let us dive into two codes running underneath the experience of mating and cohabitation. I.E. Gender roles and hierarchies.

In the Neolithic proto city of Catalhoyuk, a population of 10,000 had progressed to three room homes and a complex economy. The population had a golden ocean of wild grains to feast on. They had plenty of forward ideas, but one of them might have been an early analysis of their history of sport and its ties to sexuality. The third room in every home was always dedicated to the meme of masculinity and femininity. In an area with an abundance of smaller animals that grazed in the immediate outskirts; they hunted and domesticated gigantic bulls that dwarf their modern, and murderous, one-ton cousins.

These monsters stood seven feet at the shoulders and frequently disemboweled the puny humans who challenged them. The shrines were dedicated to these legends. Every male aspired to domesticate one of these beasts. For the sport. For the glory. And the pussy that came with it.

They also found dolls depicting heavy-set women. Often in the position of labor (or sex). This was what the girls aspired to, "playing house". Or chasing and taming the "D".

British anthropologist Chris Knight theorizes that Neolithic females deliberately withdrew their sexual favors to prod men into hauling home fresh meat. No wonder the horned heads which could so easily split the rib cage of an owner were painted next to women with their legs spread wide in sexual invitation, pregnancy, or birth, and between plaster wall moldings of round, full breasts yawning with real jaws and teeth where their aureoles should have been while other plaster breasts expressed their obdurate "no's" via bird beaks and animal tusks which stabbed from the centers of their nipples at the viewers' eyes. Other paintings underscored the fierce edge females gain from their allure by portraying yet more open-crotched women, knees splayed outward from their hips--with their arms resting on the bodies of leopards. These images carried contrapuntal meanings. They shrieked the slashing pain of sexual denial while roaring with an appetite for sexual savagery.

Goddesses, the archaeologists call the ladies of the wall paintings and of numerous full-bellied figurines. But we have no way to know if that is what they were. The suggestion of the décor was clear. Bulls had a power to pierce the walls of feminine refusal. This awed male humans with their far smaller penises and infinitely tinier bulk and might. Men, so easily cowed by womanly disdain, could only worship and hope to gain the thrust of a bull's horns and enormous phallus penetrating vaginas with vast overloads of sperm. It was the bull who could truly make children grow in a grudging damsel's womb. Despite its evocations of lust, strife, torment and the wild, religion was used to synchronize the emotions and the symbol set of those who lived within the city's walls. This fervid enticement to cohesion and to the discipline of ritual geared the members of a town to think and work in harmony.

I believe they missed a key possibility. I think they found the horny pre-teen's room. It's been in the news recently that a lot of the oldest and most primitive cave paintings were painted by children. The two-hundred-thousand-year-old "hand stencil" paintings fossilized on a piece of limestone from the Tibetan Plateau, (the oldest art ever found) are actually those of children. And most likely independently made. Anthropological programs have always underestimated the intelligence of ancient man. They've been downright insulting to our cousins, who have been proven to be way more intelligent than previously thought. It is now widely believed that Neanderthals made jewelry and art. Could possibly have had religions, and philosophies.

The paintings and dolls in those spare rooms of the Catalhoyuk homes could easily be an early version of the testosterone and estrogen fueled redecorating, still done at the beginning of this century. Kids enshrining their heroes, future temptations, and roles. Roles that their bodies, and society, have directed them towards. The right actions are programmed by recording the neurochemicals from positive (or negative) reinforcement from those around us.

In Knossos on the isle of Crete, Europe's oldest city, are ancient Frescos of bullfights. With the man fighting the beast, and women "acrobats", with breasts exposed straddling the bull or cheering the man on. Aspects of these memes are still alive today. Walking into any independent auto shop anywhere in the world would show you the modern representation of the Greek bullfighting fresco. I'm talking, of course, about the millions of posters and calendars of busty women on our mechanical beasts of status.

A pattern. Living millennia, through millennia; through the actions and environment we see as children. These directives are so ingrained that they live on in the wind. Generations, passing information through visuals. This occurs with all the “highly evolved” characteristics of human behavior. Our children pick up our facial expressions, conversational patterns, and body language. They can’t comprehend, or contextualize, but they record these behaviors for later use.

It’s a stretch, I know. But I believe that consciousness is made up of these programmed actions. The power given to genetics and individuality regarding our behavioral traits is an overstated fallacy. It’s the zepto-, nano-, milli-, and regular seconds of life we experience every day. Those who understand more about their quantum roles in society, and at earlier ages, become the social group’s alpha. Most people don’t want to admit that these principals are still alive today. They are. They are indiscernible through the complexities of modern societies. But the hierarchy still exists. Hiding in the background, convincing us it isn’t there. We delude ourselves to the idea that our precious consciousness wields complete autonomy.

Remember that there are many sub-cognitive organizational and individual exercises recorded into our synaptic web. They are not exclusively sexual directives.

The brain is constantly scanning the environment for things that trigger neurochemical releases. We are hooked, always looking outward for more. Because it is how we find physical and psychological nourishment. And most of these chemicals come from the people around us.

“Frederick Erickson, a socio-linguistic micro-analyst at the University of Pennsylvania, points out that humans constantly exchange signals. We give our conversational partners cues, nodding our heads, smiling, grunting in the affirmative, gesturing with our bodies, frowning. The average mortal knows from personal experience what the impact of those cues can be. If we run into a gathering of friends, spring a tantalizing bit of information on one of them, and everybody else edges over to hear it, we feel invigorated. Energized by mild euphoria, we may prattle on with additional details about the topic that’s just drawn all this attention. If, on the other hand, we spring a piece of gossip that, to us, seems irresistible, and the people near us immediately march away, we become discouraged and are less likely to continue that particular line of conversation.”

We instinctually sacrifice true individualism for the neurochemical balance of the group. The group that provides us with everything we need to survive.

“Researcher Richard Savin-Williams spent a season watching summer campers interact. In June, the bunkmates met for the first time. For roughly an hour, the campers felt each other out, probing each others’ strengths and weaknesses, deciding who would be friends with whom. Then they quickly sorted themselves into a superorganism with a head, limbs and a tail. One camper became the “alpha male,” the dominant individual, the group leader. Another became the “bully,” a big, strong brute nobody particularly liked. A third became the “joker,” everybody’s good-natured sidekick. And one became the “nerd,” the unathletic, overly-eager sort that everyone else felt free to kick around. Like the ants and the embryonic cells, each boy had taken his place in a kind of pre-ordained social blueprint.

Just how pre-ordained that blueprint was and how much of his potential each boy had to sacrifice to assume his role became clear when another researcher tried an experiment. The scientist assembled a cabin composed entirely of "leaders," boys who had been dominant, "alpha" males in their old groups. Very quickly, the new cluster sorted itself out according to the familiar pattern. One of the leaders took charge. Another became the bully. A third became the group joker. And one of the formerly commanding lads even became the new group's nerd.

When the researchers went through the scientific literature to find other data related to their work, they discovered that studies of Chicago gangs in the 1920's had shown these long-gone groups arranging themselves according to an almost identical unconscious plan. The gangmembers of a bygone era also had their leaders, bullies, jokers and nerds.

By the way, female campers also sorted themselves out in a hierarchy. But the process by which they arrived at their social arrangement was a bit different than that of the boys. It involved more vicious backbiting and less physical forms of cruelty. Yet the cruelty was so potent that at one time or another it reduced the camp counselors to tears.

"Ritch Savin-Williams studied U.S. summer campers and discovered that adolescent leaders were particularly gifted at dishing out ridicule. Female camp trend-setters--praised by gender studies specialists like Carol Gilligan for their warm and gentle cooperation--were particularly wicked conformity enforcers. They did it with the carrot and the stick. A dominant female camper would offer to fix another girl's hair or help her with her choice of clothes...both quiet ways of shaping the follower's appearance to fit the mold. But the verbal abuse these teen leaders could mete out to those who failed to conform was so devastating that it agonized even the researchers watching it. One of them, who had been forced to tears on several occasions by the viciousness of the attacks she'd witnessed, said, "Now I know why no one studies junior high-school girls. They are so cruel and horrible that no one can stand them! I remember my own adolescence as that way, and this summer was like reliving it. Never again!" Yet when the girls were quizzed about dominance, they claimed to dislike it. Though some of them stomped others with appalling verbal brutality, they abhorred being seen as authority figures because to them it represented being different. And difference among young girls just won't do--conformity has a choke hold that won't let go."

Each individual took up a position in the superorganism's unfolding structure. And each shaped his personality to fit the spot he or she landed in."

We fall into these hierarchical behaviors without any conscious consideration. It almost seems as if we biologically synchronize our behavior with the group. If it brings joy to those around us to place us in the lowest rung. The brain, not us, will humble our conscious selves to their perception. We form a ranking system based on the individual's athletic, intellectual, violent, and sexual potential. (Among other factors.) Those with the greatest potential for any sort of conquests become the leaders of the group and point the way towards progress.

These hierarchies' factor into all of life's social connections. They are underlying motivators in our thoughts and behaviors at school, college, work, bars, BBQ's, retirement homes, etc. Again, this all happens at a "sub-atomic" level. Imperceptible due to the chemical blinders placed on us by generations

of increasingly sophisticated social programming. The almighty consciousness, the one that seemingly controls all the decisions made in the physical plain, is absent. Through experiences with society, the brain chooses which avenues to take when dealing with multiple options for chemical rewards. Our “consciousness” is completely oblivious to the instinctual neural decisions that alter our entire existence. We are more often slaves to neurochemical signals and the pattern of behavior the group creates. And if you are not recording the actions the group appreciates, you’re out.

To recap: Analytical synaptic systems, in large part programmed by the social hierarchy, are scanning the environment with layers of neurochemical reference points. The systems are webbed together like subatomic particles at the base of what we mistake as some magical realm, which we labeled “consciousness”. The brain sometimes must decipher complex situations with multiple avenues for potential chemical rewards. These are decisions that need input from the entire system. As such, they bleed into our cognitive state. Giving us the illusion of choice.

I have been trying to illustrate the power and persistence of the brain’s need to “get in, where it fits in”. Now let me show you the programming in action. And it was right under everyone’s nose. A small example of how fast the analytics attach themselves to a situation; and how easily our “consciousness” loses itself to a group. Focusing all its powers to pleasing our inner reward centers and those around us.

Through the lens of my theory, what happened in an experiment by Loren Carpenter (Co-founder of Pixar) at the 1991 Siggraph North American conference, shows how quickly the synaptic sensors searching our quantum “image” for endorphin boosting patterns can be triggered. Instantly transforming a room full of strangers into cohesive units.

“A large crowd entered a theatre to find small paddles left on their seats, with one green side and one red side. On a screen, they could see lots of red and green squares. The audience members connected the two and were able to identify their own paddle in the crowd on the screen. Then a game of Pong appeared, and the audience came to realize that they had been split into two halves, with each team controlling one of the players in the game collaboratively, using their paddles – green for up, red for down. To control the speed, a number of people in the team needed to keep their paddles the same color. While the rest of the team turned to the direction they needed to go. They accomplished this feat with minimal practice.

Much like Deep Mind learned to play Atari games with only the pixel data, controls and scores, the crowd was able to figure out the situation with no instructions. They operated as a cohesive single entity to control their player in the Pong game. In the BBC documentary All Watched Over by Machines of Loving Grace, Loren describes this effect:

They’re all acting as individuals, because each one of them can decide what they’re going to do ... There’s an order that emerges that gives them kind of like an amoeba like effect where they surge, and they play ... I wanted to see if no hierarchy existed at all, what would happen? They formed a kind of a subconscious consensus.”

In this simple competition, there was no hierarchy. The variables are simple enough that everyone can make the right decision for the group. Up is green, down is red. You switch color or stay put. When it

comes to survival, those who seem to know more about, or possess, the qualities that matter most, choose the color. There are also some researchers who have seen an “unconscious”, for lack of a better word, rhythm to small social gatherings. The small movements we all make while standing around “shooting the shit” become synchronized. Like a flock of birds, simultaneously swaying in the sky.

We are slowly discovering that everyday activities have layers of imperceptible instinctual actions.

The question one would ask is: If the experiences are what make our consciousness, what about conjoined twins, or twins in general? Wouldn't they be the same person? Not necessarily. It's now known that fetuses are busy in that cozy womb of theirs. There are instances of one twin practicing their bullying on their brother or sister, while said victim tries its best to squeeze into a corner. There are some that even abuse themselves. Yes. Masturbate. Look it up. Soon after our brains and bodies begin rockin', don't come a knockin'. We explore our hands and feet. We touch. We listen. We start programming patterns. In the case of twins, holding on to their own experiences from the beginning means their individuality is cemented through the most minute of differences. Figuring things out at different times. The first one to hit the other, the first to feel pain and, consequently, the first to feel fear.

The experience we refer to as “consciousness” is a composite of trillions of preprogrammed synaptic patterns passing back and forth like waves in the ocean. The brain is always adding new ones. Patterns programmed in utero are always with you. Your unique synaptic rhythm is responsible for the seconds of self-awareness you live in right now. Fractals of information from every moment of life experienced are bouncing up, down, in and out of the waves of cognition.

Again. Our buddy, the machine inside the monkey, has infinitesimal webs of particles of information. Connecting, disconnecting, birthing, and dying. But we never erase everything from a specific period. It always keeps mementos. The accumulation of these trinkets of information, and the dope they produce, (and we continuously chase) become your “consciousness”. The way you analyze your surroundings. The specific things your sub-cognitive directives are looking for. This process is held together by the neurochemical balance that the brain maintains with the help of these programmed synaptic patterns. The machinery's objective is simply to survive. Or at the very least, live long enough to help in the spread of the species.

By sheer statistical probability, these processes produce the beautiful, the ugly, the terrible, the loving, the imaginative, the mundane and the sublimely fascinating. It produces the future.

This synaptic rhythm theory looks at consciousness as an entelechy. Made up of layers of zombie receptors, sending the information to certain synapses. The pattern of connections and neurochemical responses a situation produces is programmed for future reference. These connections number in the trillions and the patterns they create are what we refer to as consciousness. The main part of this process is programmed by the people around it. They implant certain social compulsions. But they also dictate what is acceptable to do, or think, in private. There might be some genetic predeterminants to certain synaptic pathways, and consequently, certain behaviors. But the group has an iron grip on a large part of our soul.

The outside world takes the reigns of developing the so-called “self”. The values those in your social group reward are imprinted into the brain and used as a blueprint for all future actions. The more you perform these rewarded actions, the more it seeps into your instincts. This becomes your personality. From then on, the brain is always analyzing interactions and environments for the opportunity to implement these actions.

In 1998, theorist Judith Rich Harris rocked the insular world of child development studies with her book *The Nurture Assumption: Why Children Turn Out the Way They Do*. Without a Ph.D. behind her name, she strolled in and presented substantial evidence to the fact that parents have little to no long-term effect on their children’s personality, intelligence, or mental health.

“The environment definitely has an effect on how children turn out, but it’s not the home environment. It’s not the nurture they do or don’t get from their parents... According to my theory, (The group socialization theory) children learn separately how to behave in each of their environments. Children don’t blindly generalize from one context to another--their behavior is a function of what they’ve experienced in that particular context. If the behavior they learned at home turns out to be inappropriate outside the home--and this is often the case--they drop the home behavior and learn something new... Assimilation is the way children are socialized--how they acquire the behaviors and attitudes that are appropriate for their culture.”

She also talks about the hierarchical social patterns.

“... But personality development, I believe, is more a function of differentiation. Groups sort themselves out. The members of groups differ in status and in the way they are typecast or labeled by the others. This is true even for identical twins who belong to the same peer group: One might be characterized as the bold one, the other as the shy one, for instance. Or the other members might address their comments and questions to one twin rather than the other--a sign that they regard that twin as the dominant one. If such differences in status or typecasting are persistent, I believe they can leave permanent marks on the personality.”

Some of the worst events bring a tsunami of electrical and chemical surges that change your entire programming in an instant. It changes the way you interact with your world. A shift.

If consciousness really is the awareness by the mind of itself and the world; I must ask, how much are we aware of? How much of our decision making is truly us? Even the private mind might be a sociological construct. Time and time again we see examples of our powerlessness to the social programming. How prolonged isolation and traumatic experiences change a person’s social behavioral synchronization. Resulting in neurochemical imbalances and eventual neurological and physical apoptosis.

Consider the psychological phenomenon known as Genetic Sexual Attraction. In a 2003 article in *The Guardian*, Alix Kirta gives us a bizarre statistic: “50% of reunions between siblings, or parents and offspring, separated at birth result in obsessive (sexual) emotions.”

Alix shares the heartbreaking story of a victim, painting a picture of a man desperately in love. A former police officer and semi-retired publicist. He developed a deep sexual attraction for a half-sister he only lived with for a couple of months after she was born, and met for the first time over forty years later. He talks about the experience as if he contracted a disease. The symptoms included a complete inability to control his feelings; the development of a passionate crush that would put a lovesick teenager to shame and in severe cases; the ultimate disregard towards the social and psychological consequences of engaging in incest.

“The unexpectedly high number of reported cases of men and women struggling with sudden and terrifying emotions after a reunion has surprised and perplexed most post-adoption agencies... Because of the taboos surrounding GSA and its variable complex nature, the frequency of these cases is almost impossible to quantify, although some agencies estimate that elements of GSA occur in 50% of reunions. Growing awareness of its potentially devastating implications, especially in cases where relatives embark on a sexual relationship, has prompted some organisations to warn all clients attempting to trace a relative about the phenomenon, while also training counsellors to recognise the warning signs and help adoptees and their families cope with the damage... GSA raises serious questions about what factors influence sexual attraction: are the origins of GSA social, environmental or biological?.. The lack of any serious scientific research is especially disturbing in view of the growing number of reunions between adoptees and their birth parents, and the prospect of many future reunions between children born through IVF involving sperm and egg donors.

Using this theory while working with those suffering from dementia, you realize that the brain snaps into situationally irrelevant mechanisms. When a victim of this disease begins to converse with you as if you are someone from their past, their eyes are not seeing their dead husband or wife. Their ears are not hearing your voice as that of their son or daughter. The brain is simply pulling the wrong information. This information is not chosen at random. It is triggered by something in their surroundings. As imperceptible as that something might be to the cognitions of the individual, and those dealing with them, it's there. It's a look. A sound. An object. It's something invisible to those in the room, and yet it sends the victim of this neurological disorder into a state of consciousness where they seem to be reliving a past event.

No matter what quantum mechanics are at play, whether consciousness is the result of microtubules or something undiscovered. Regardless of any mathematic equation. Our consciousness seems to be trapped in a house of mirrors. The mirrors are formed by neurochemical markers. The electrical patterns, made up of trillions of synaptic connections, and recorded during these neurochemical events; result in these mirrors having unique distortions to your environment.

Excerpts taken from Don't Blame Your Parents: An Interview with Judith Rich Harris; Collaborative Control Experiments by Amy Goodchild, for InteractiveArchitecture.com; The Lucifer Principle: A Scientific Expedition Into the Forces of Nature and The Global Brain: The Evolution of Mass Mind from the Big Bang to the 21st Century by Howard Bloom.

“The debate is never undertaken. It is simply a question of your views being outside the political

spectrum of what is considered to be rational thought on this subject.”

- Dan Carlin